

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER HUMOROUS WEEKLY IN THE WORLD

OCTOBER 10, 1925 ★

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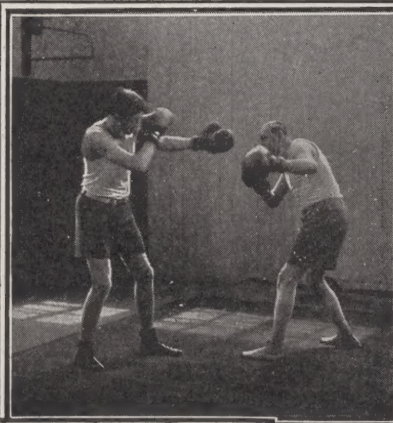
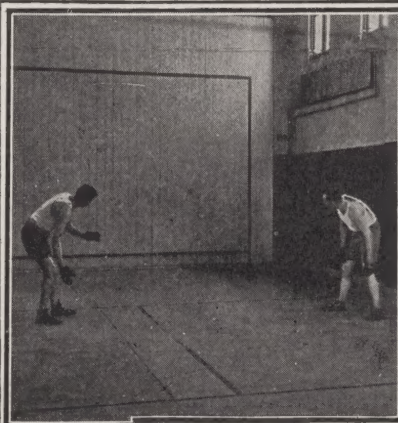
ODDGE



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JUDGE

WANTS TO KNOW
WHAT'S BECOME OF—

ANDREW VOLSTEAD?

BILLY SUNDAY?

HIRAM JOHNSON?

DAYTON, TENN.?

WILLIAM McADOO?

MAYOR HYLAN?

CHARLIE HUGHES?

JACK DEMPSEY?

MA FERGUSON?

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

HOLLYWOOD?

PROHIBITION?

THE OLD LADY IN DUBUQUE?

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES?



HUSBAND—I must have been crazy to marry you.

WIFE—You were, dearest—I remember you said so every evening for months.



NOWADAYS

"Mandy, get out that spinnin' wheel—here comes a New York License."

Perfectly Proper

OH, I LOVE another man's wife,
Yet nobody calls me a cad;
And the reason for that is this:
The lady belongs to my Dad.
Georgia Junior
(Aged twenty months)

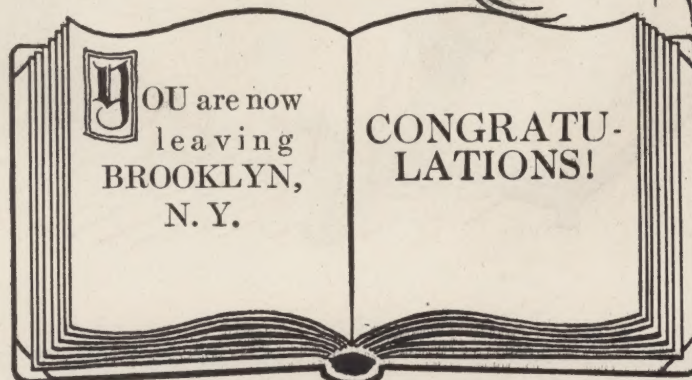
Chicago is 600,000,000 years old,
says geologist. No wonder it's so tough.

Funnybones

Since prohibition most of the
border cities have become hic
towns.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

SEEING AMERICA WORST



EPILAUGHS

She loved diamond rings,
Poor Elsie Malone,
So the boys chipped in
And bought her this stone.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

And Half Notes

Visitor—Don't you think five years is rather young to start your daughter on the piano?

Wise Father—Oh, no. You see, she uses only the minor keys.

When it comes to swimming, the average bathing beauty is a poor fish.

Ballads of a Husband

Co-operation

I PHONE: "I'm bringing home some friends
To dine; have plenty, dear."
She says: "Bring sandwiches along
Because I won't be here!"

R. C. O'B.

KRAZY KRACKS



"give a sentence with the word
Sugar"

"Then the villain grabbed her by the neck an' almost sugar teeth out."



EPILAUGHS

Our plumber's here, oh, happy day!
My joy it knows no end,
For where he's gone I'm sure he'll
find
No freezing pipes to mend.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

Ada—You look glum. What's happened?

Ida—My sister ran off with a fellow.

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about."

"Huh! He was my fellow."



A lot of men keep their ideals high
by putting them on the shelf.



Insurance—You bet your life.

Funnybones

The color of her hair was Cayuga—
ten miles from Auburn.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



"Now, then, where have you been?"

"Aw-er-hic, I-I-I've bub-bub-bub-hic! Bub-bub-been t-t-to a hic!
A sssss-speak-easy."

No, Wilhelm, a "silent partner"
does not mean a wife.

Mr. Dry, Do Something
About These

Wry faces.
Bars in music.
Iron bars.
Sand bars.
Sheep's baas.
Bay rum.
Wet cellars.
Scotch immigration.
Corn growing.
The men shot in the war.
Tight windows.
Storms that brew.
Those who keep still.
Biers for the dead.
Cocktails in the farmyard.
Sun that rises in the yeast.
The little boy who hops.
Water when it gets drunk.

Lawson Paynter



Bartholomew Rogers

MAE—Who was that who just passed?

SUE—That was my next door neighbor.

"Why, she didn't return your bow?"

"No—she never returns anything!"

KRAZY KRACKS



"give a sentence with the word
Detects"

"I couldn't lay the
carpet cause I didn't
have detects."





SHEIK—Oh, hum! I dunno why, but I feel kinda blue and lonely to-night.



After Officer Cassidy became interested in golf.

Unpublished Testimonials Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Sickle's Salve for Vanishing Victuals

Two falls back I suddenly discovered my husband had a habit growing on him. We tried everything from swimming the English Channel to Chinatown and the Bowery but our happy domestic life seemed about to be broken up. Finally, as we were walking under Brooklyn Bridge one night somebody dropped a box of your Sickle's Salve for Vanishing Victuals on the old man's habit and knocked it for a row of crepe de chine igloos. Now we are all happy and can fight on an equal basis again like we used to without handicaps.

Flabbergoff's Famous Fuzz for Falling Teeth

For years I was constantly being embarrassed by my great height, breadth and width as well as my enormous size until it got so bad I couldn't even look the poor man in

JUDGE Nominates for the Hall of Fame



ALEXANDER THE GREAT

BECAUSE, at the age of twenty-one, he had thoroughly mastered Greek; because he refused to pose for the Roto-Sections with a miniature globe in his hand; because he originated the idea of cutting the knot instead of laboriously untying it and saving the string for future use; but most of all because he never attributed his success to a Business Correspondence Course.

the face. By four o'clock the water had risen to the upstairs windows and it looked like a sure draw at the end of the eighth inning. Suddenly we heard a frightful rending and gnashing of eyebrows rolling up a steep hill—and there stood the beautiful fairy all clothed in a pale purple light.

Several months previous I tried Flabbergoff's Fuzz for Falling Teeth and after taking the stuff for less than two weeks I saw my mistake. Of course, it was too late then, but it made me feel so small I got a job as a dwarf in a passing circus and am now healthy, happy and hysterical.

Richard S. Wallace

You Tell 'Em

Oh, dry is dry,
And wet is wet,
And what we want,
We'll try and get!

KRAZY KRACKS



"give a sentence with the word

Soviet"

"Dinner was
ready, soviet."



Funnybones

You don't have to be a broadcaster
to get the air.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



JONES—Get me a couple of weeks in jail for this, will you, Officer? My wife is doing the fall house-cleaning!



"H'm—that probably explains why there's so many Smiths in this town."

The Dentist's Dictionary

CHAIR—What most of us think our dentist should be sentenced to.

Gas—The line of chatter your dentist hands out.

Pull—What the society woman has who breezes into the chair ahead of you after you have been waiting two hours.

Root—Something I would never do for my dentist.

Jaws—What the wife does when you keep putting off that semi-annual visit to the dentist's to have the teeth cleaned.

Dentine—What the dentist does to your salary: for example—"He puts a dentine your pocketbook."

Nerve—Dominant characteristic of most dentists about the first of the month. *George Bancroft Duren*



Rastus—How yuh git dat lame back?

Sambo—Watchin' mah wife look through de seed catalog.



IF THIS LONGEVITY STUFF KEEPS UP



GLADYS—Heavens! Here's father coming!
 CECIL—Well, it's all right. He can't eat me.
 "He may do it when he sees what you're
 like—he's a vegetarian."



TOURIST—Call me about six A.M., will you, guide?
 "'Tain't necessary. When ye go t'bed just yell, an' th' echo will wake ye up about sunrise."

The Daily Dozen

A DAILY DOZEN Mary vowed she'd do each day at seven;
But, waking just a little late, she'd time for but eleven.

Next, by the open window, she stood breathing deep; and then
A flock of neighbors saw her, so the dozen dropped to ten.

With dumb-bell exercises Mary got along quite fine
Until she broke a looking-glass, which made the dozen nine.

Her little brother caught her in a most peculiar state;
She never did the splits again; the dozen, thus, was eight.

While lying stretched upon her back she kicked up toward heaven,
She barked her shins, and that reduced the dozen down to seven.

She tied herself up in a knot, which put her in a fix.
She couldn't quite untie herself; that left the dozen six.

Then, Mary, standing on a chair, began to duck and dive.
The chair ducked too; the dozen, then, was just a measly five.

Next, bending slowly forward, Mary tried to touch the floor.
She touched a radiator; that decreased the twelve to four.

Then Indian clubs around her head in great wide circles flew.
Result: head-on collision. Mary's dozen then was two.

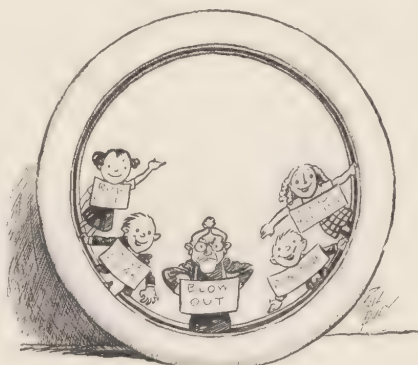
A little Swedish movement next; but 'ere she'd scarce begun
She smelled the breakfast cooking, which left but time for one.

The last thing was an ice-cold plunge (she thought that would be fun);
She touched the water with her toe: the D. D. it was done!

Geo. R. Davies

With Apologies

Everybody works but father,
From Ma to brother Rob,
And the reason dad's not working—
He holds a Government job.



The old woman who lives in a shoe.



And now the radio party! The host has an imitation microphone put up—numbered slips are passed among the goats—pardon me—guests. On each slip is a different radio stunt—bedtime story, market report, song. Some one spins a dial. If it stops at the number on your slip you take the air! I drew a slip marked "static"!

Speaking of radio, tune in on WJZ some Wednesday night and listen to Yours Truly!—(Advt!)

The night clubs are coming to life. The Lido and the Mirador are both open. It's hard to tell yet, though, who's getting the crowd.

Several people have written in asking what the "Six Best Steppers" are. They are the best dance numbers, not the latest always, but the ones that seem to be taking on with the High Hats. You're welcome!

And here are this week's:

"Who"—(Sunny).

"Fond of You"—(Captain Jinks).

"Here in Your Arms"—(Dearest Enemy).

"Bye and Bye"—(Dearest Enemy).

"What a World This Would Be"—(Scandals).

"All I Want is Love"—(June Days).



BOX OFFICE MAN—Hey! Get in line. What d'ye think that brass rail is for?

"Why, I thought it was fer people to ketch hold of when they hear the prices."

Jack Jr.

Betty goes Abroad

in Brittany



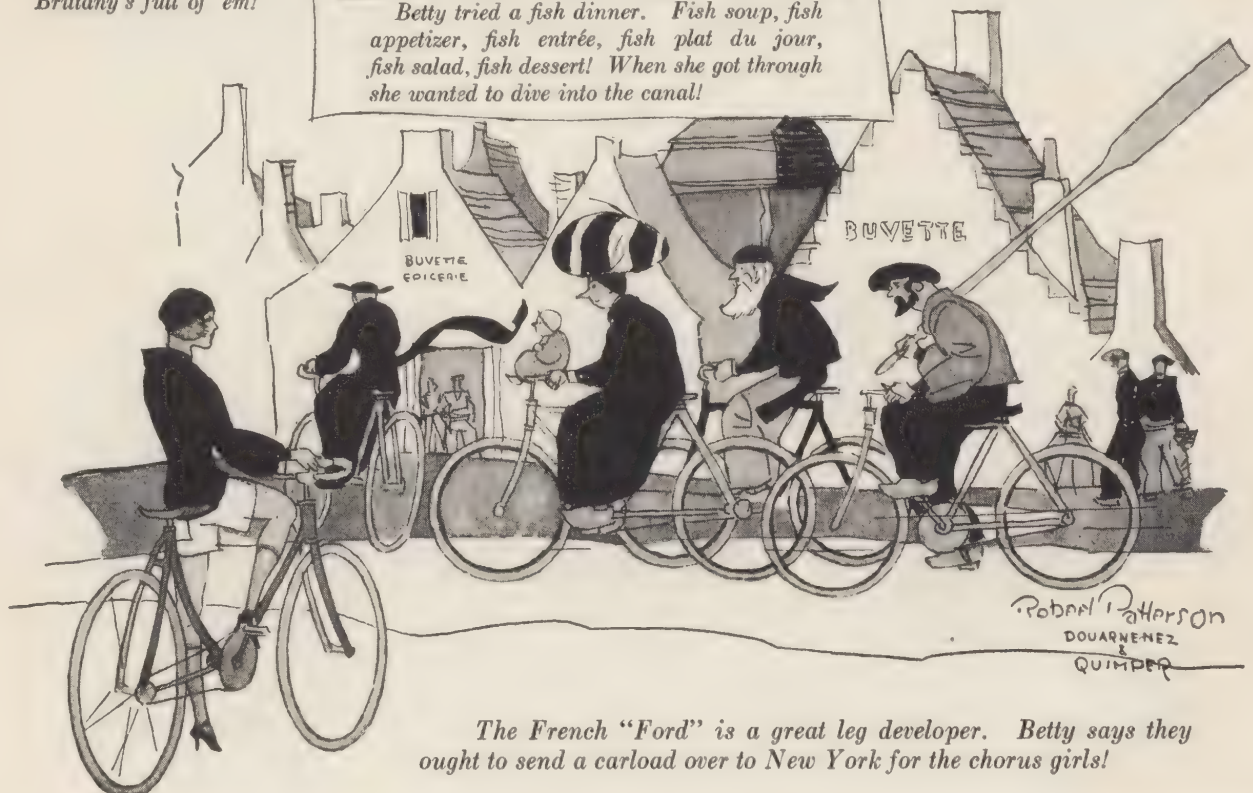
Betty says she knows now what "The Quest of the Golden Fleas" is. Brittany's full of 'em!



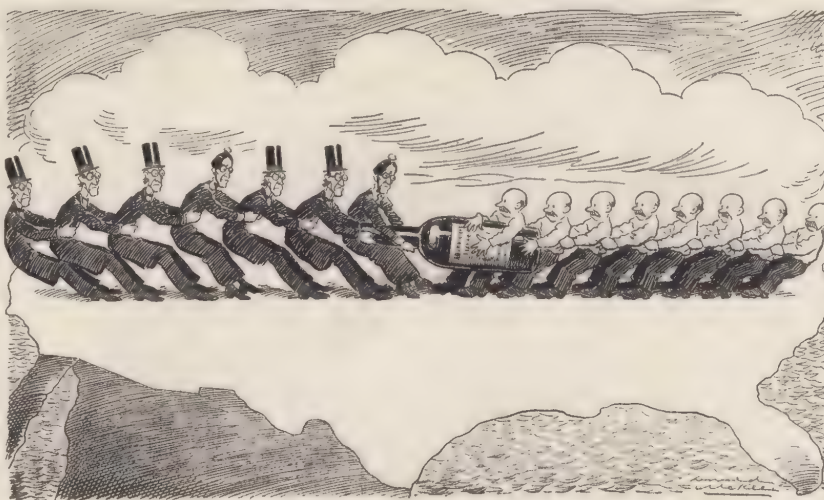
Betty tried a fish dinner. Fish soup, fish appetizer, fish entrée, fish plat du jour, fish salad, fish dessert! When she got through she wanted to dive into the canal!



She visits a china factory and watches Gran'ma, Ma, and the Kid paint designs. Betty always thought china came from China!



The French "Ford" is a great leg developer. Betty says they ought to send a carload over to New York for the chorus girls!



Whose hootch in America?

Unwritten History

KING ARTHUR had been quaffing the merry bowl until late and Queen Guinevere was even now getting him out of his evening suit with a mallet and chisel. From the distant courtyard came sounds of the departing guests and the King swore drowsily as Sir Kaye guffawed overloud in his merriment.

The Lord High Chamberlain of the Royal Headgear dropped the King's helmet and killed the cat, so Queen Guinevere ordered that he be beheaded in the morning. Just as King Arthur was about to be poured into the royal purple pyjamas a footstep sounded in the hall.

"What was that?" said the King.

"Only a servant," replied Guinevere, slightly flustered.

"Then chop off his head," grinned the King.

"It's not worth the bother," countered the Queen.

"Then have him here."

"Oh, no," said the Queen, becoming alarmed.

"Oh, yes," said King Arthur.

"No you won't."

"Yes, I will."

"Now, Artie——"

"Oh, all right, but those servants have got to be more quiet."

Just when everything looked jake and the Queen was breathing easier, a soft knock sounded on the door and a gruff voice queried softly, "Are you there, Gwen?"

"Launcelot," howled the King, "come in here."

"Peace," shrieked Guinevere.

"I'll have a piece of his head," growled the King, "commere, you." This last to Launcelot, who entered sheepishly.

"Artie, I haven't done a thing," pleaded Guinevere.

Then, just as the King was about to chop off her head, Launcelot came to the rescue with that true gallantry which always characterized him.

"Peace, my liege," he said, "I came but to return the royal ukulele which thou inadvertently mislaid at the Round Table."

And that, dear children, is the reason why Knights wore armor in the days of long ago.

Don Short

My Girl Friends and Me

LISA is a nice girl, noted for her brains;

Elsie is an outdoor girl, fresh as English rains;

Margie is a witty girl, quick at quip and jest;

But Peggie is a stupid girl—and I like Peggie best.

Lisa talks of novels, roundelays and odes;

Elsie wears your ankles out pounding country roads;

Margie stirs your cerebrum, tries to make you think;

But Peggie's simply statuesque, a dumb-bell dressed in pink.

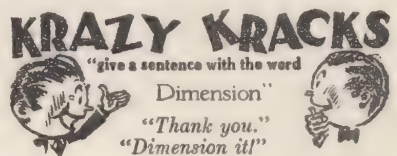
Lisa knows equations, chemistry and French;

Elsie would be happiest fighting in a trench;

Margie throws a wicked line, never lets you rest;

But Peg's too dumb to move or talk—that's why I like her best.

Edwin Rutt



THE QUARREL

"We part right here."



THAT UNIVERSITY CHAIR IN MOVING PICTURES WHICH ONE OF THE PRODUCERS THREATENS TO ENDOW



"The guy in the back seat of that car had a bottle!"

How One Man Got His Start

The Story of Julius Whetstone, President, the Highbinder Stores

I AM always glad to tell how I got my start in business, for I think my story may do good, and after all, what are we in business for, if not to do good, to render service, to help others, in any way which will return a reasonable profit?

My first step out of the great class of business nonentities was when I was a salesman in the furniture department of Highbinder's. A lady complained to Mr. Highbinder that when she had asked to see something overstuffed, I had pointed to her husband. Mr. Highbinder called me to his office and asked me if this accusation were true. Thinking quickly, I replied that it was, although as a matter of fact the lady was a victim of her own exaggerated sensitiveness. Mr. Highbinder told the manager to give me a week's wages and tell me to go instantly and forever. The lady went radiantly back to the furniture department and doubled her order.

A few minutes later I appeared again in Mr. Highbinder's office. "See here, Mr. Highbinder," I said, "I kept your client for you by admitting I was wrong when as a matter of fact I was right. I was not pointing at her husband; I was trying to point around him. If you discharge me now you lose my services for a week. You need a fellow like me, a steady chap you can fire to satisfy customers. How about it now, Mr. Highbinder?"

Well, we made an agreement by which I was to get \$5 for my self-

respect every time I was fired. The manager was instructed to disregard any announcements of my dismissal. Hardly a day would go by without my getting a call to the president's office. And Mr. Highbinder would say to me:

"Did you get an order to wrap up a dozen fish forks for Mrs. J. B. Whipperry, of Bayonne, N. J.?"

"Yes, sir."

(Continued on page 30)

Instructions in Auction or Bridging the Gap with Your Wife as Partner

BIDDING is primarily a declaration to partner of the possession of greater than average length or strength. For example, if you hold a strong hand when your wife passes you can reveal both length and strength by a sound kick at her shins—this is known as the "Information Bid," and if your aim is good you will be rewarded with some surprising information about yourself, and your ancestors for three or four generations back.

At this point you should spar for an opening and mention diamonds; if you also mention a wrist watch it is known as a "Compensation Bid."

The "Invitation Bid" is the last word in bridge, and comes after trumping your partner's ace. This bid is made by your wife and takes the form of an invitation to come outside and get a punch in the nose.

To decline the invitation invariably results in what is known as a "take out." You will then learn that your wife's strong suit is either clubs or a divorce suit, or both.

You will also learn that the dummy is not a person who doesn't play, but a person who plays bridge with his wife.

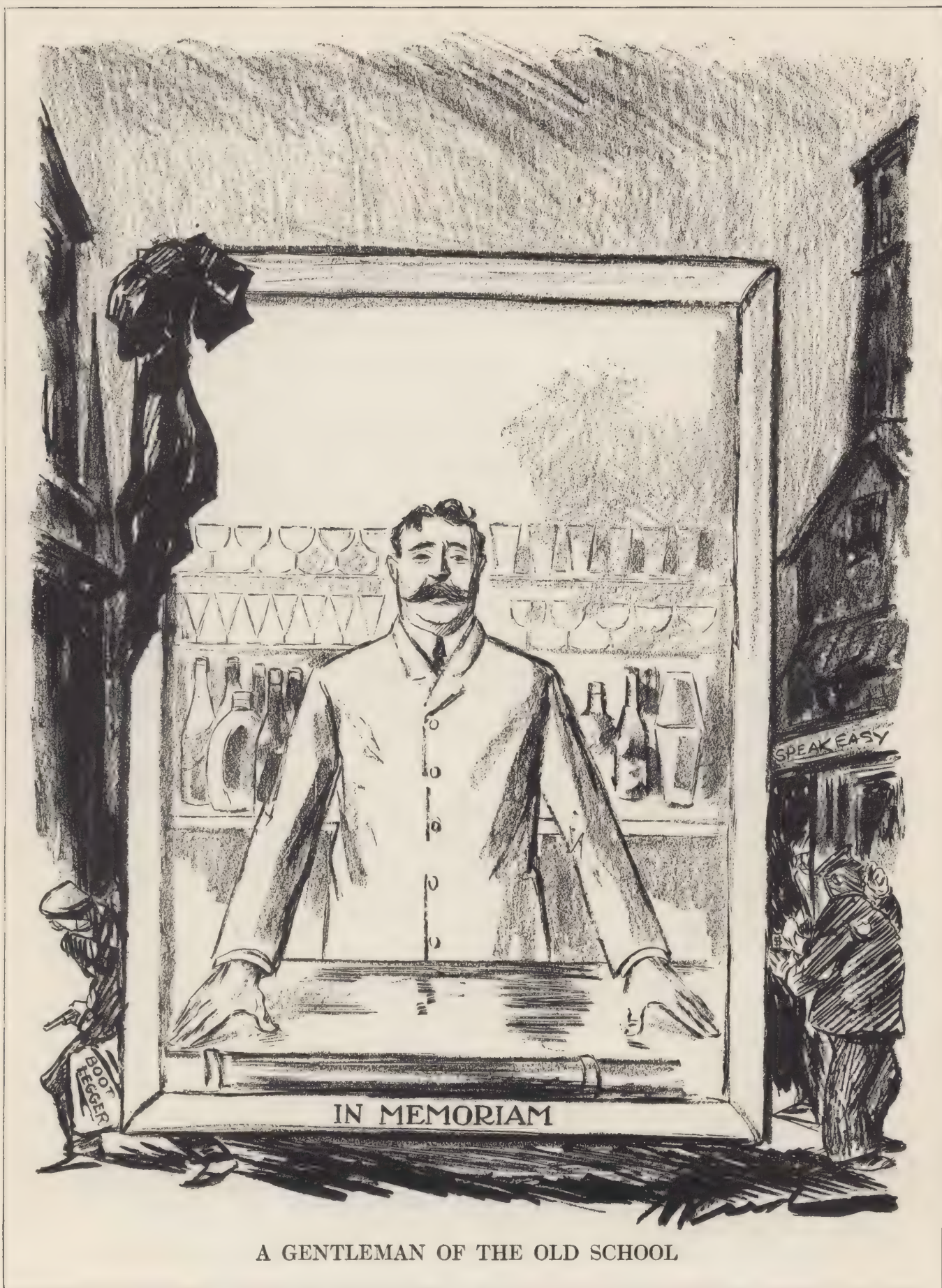
Jack Shuttleworth



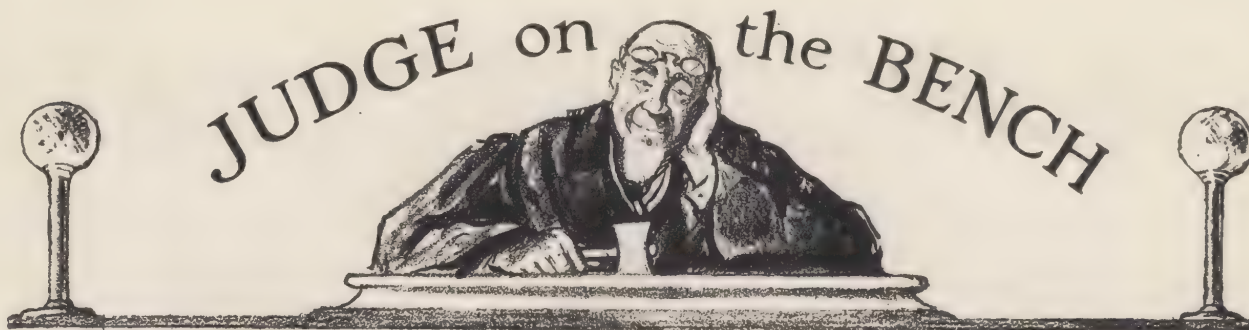
CARNIVAL TIME IN VENICE

"Is Boccaccio a well-known writer, Niles?"

"Yes, Buxom, his work appears only in expurgated editions."



A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL



Editor, Norman Anthony. Associate Editors, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. Dramatic Editor, George Jean Nathan.

Churches of South Mass to Bar Evolution by Law
—*News-paper Headline.*

Have they notified Mother Nature?

Comrade Kellogg

IF A certain Communist gentleman named Shapurji Saklatvala had gone out into the highways and by-ways seeking a press agent and offering for his services all the money he is reputed to own but doesn't, he couldn't have done a tenth as well as he has. Mr. Kellogg, our Secretary of State, who is serving him gratuitously, has more attention-getting ability and a freer access to the avenues of publicity than almost any other man in the world. Almost overnight he has made his involuntary client, of whom practically no one in this country had ever heard, as famous as Will Hays or Mayor Hylan or Leopold and Loeb. And at the same time, of course, he has immeasurably increased the popular curiosity regarding the Parsee Communist's theories, beliefs and message.

This business of debarring visiting radicals from our soil for fear their doctrines may poison our innocent minds is an insult to the morale and intelligence of the American people, to say nothing of the principle of free speech which it violates. But let that pass. We are so used to being insulted in this and similar manner, and to seeing our fundamental liberties disregarded, by the nervous old women who govern us that one manifestation of their prudery more or less makes little difference. The important question is this: How long is it going to take the official mind to learn that censorship always defeats itself? Nothing Saklatvala could have said, had he been permitted to attend the sessions of the International Parliamentary Union here, would have aroused a tithe of the interest in him and his cause that has resulted from his exclusion. The Third International owes Mr. Kellogg a vote of thanks.

Came the Dawn

THE Research Department of the Federal Council of Churches reports that prohibition, if not a failure, is still severely on trial. This, we think, is putting it rather mildly. But the report, written by a Methodist minister who is an avowed prohibitionist and coming from an organization founded and supported by the evangelical churches of the country, shows a most commendable effort to be fair to the facts.

But more interesting and significant than its findings is the object underlying them. This is none other than a return of the churches represented to their ancient and

legitimate province of moral suasion. As the General Secretary of the Federal Council puts it:

"With the coming of national prohibition there has been a tendency to rely on legislation alone and to relax educational efforts as to the evils of alcohol and the moral meaning of temperance. A survey of the methods of religious education now in use in the churches shows that training and habits of temperate living have made little or no progress in recent years. Such a situation, if long continued, would be fatal. This was one of the reasons why the research department undertook a survey of the present status of prohibition. It is believed that one of the results will be a movement to reinstate a program of thorough temperance education in the Sunday schools, adult classes and other organizations of the church."

When the churches abandoned their time-honored method of promoting temperance by moral appeal, in favor of the big stick of legislation, they did almost as grievous a hurt to themselves as they did to the Constitution of the United States. They were impatient of the progress of temperance, great as it had been, under the old spur. They listened to the promises of the professional get-good-quick boys. And now, instead of 100 per cent. dividends in public virtue they find themselves in danger of losing their entire capital of moral leadership and authority. The fact that they are waking up to their error is one of the most encouraging signs of a returning sanity since the war.

Young, and So Fair

WE CAN well understand the fury with which the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, has greeted the report of the Federal Council of Churches. Dr. Wilson is one of the professional get-good-quick boys. His organization has recently invested a large sum of money in a brand new palace opposite the national Capitol from which to coerce our morals with legislation. And just as he has got comfortably settled in his handsome headquarters along comes this bombshell from among the closest friends of prohibition, threatening his job and the investment of his organization. For anything that seriously questions the efficacy of the law as a railroad to heaven does that.

In his criticism of the report Dr. Wilson speaks of the Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, its Methodist author, as "a very young and inexperienced man." Has he never read, then, that "a little child shall lead them"?

W. M. H.

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

HAIR-PINERO

by George Jean Nathan

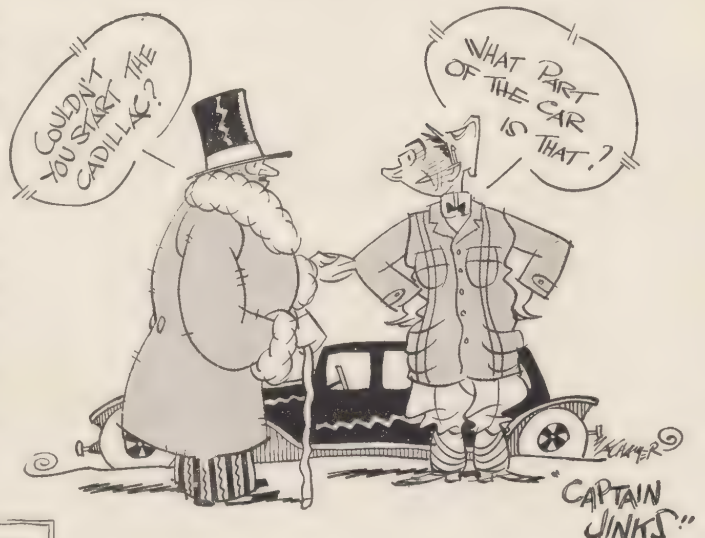
I

THE Irises, Napiers and Hilarys of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" take us back to the days of Pinero with their gaudy amours at Lake Como, their monkey business in gentlemen's chambers at the Albany, their guinea pig heroines, movie actor lovers and pseudo philosophical *raisonneurs*. But it is a feminine Pinero that Arlen gives us, a Pinero that, for all its bull roaring, has about it a suspicion of nose powder. The sex of "The Green Hat" doesn't quite convince; it is rubbed in with too loud colors; one hearkens to it with the dubious smile with which one listens to a barber recounting his Casanovan prowess among the biddies at Coney Island. It is, in short, sex so melodramatized that it misses all conviction and soon finds itself wandering into the burlesque precincts of Herman Krausmeyer and Co.

Arlen's play, like his fiction in book covers, is a great success. And, as is the case with certain other successful poor plays, the reason isn't hard to figure out. Arlen is privy to the generally profitable boob-bumping trick of taking an ordinary sex story and putting it over on the susceptibles as something very hotsy-totsy by the simple device of laying it in tony surroundings, giving the characters such



doggy names as Major General Sir Maurice Harpenden, Bart., and causing them to use a species of language that is a cross between the poetry of Cale Young Rice and the dimmer-table conversation of an over-educated coon. Such stuff usually makes a deep impression upon our polished yokels. "The Green Hat," indeed, looks as if it were making an impression deep enough to keep it going in New York until gin goes back to \$30 a case. Katharine Cornell is admirable as the morally careless heroine.



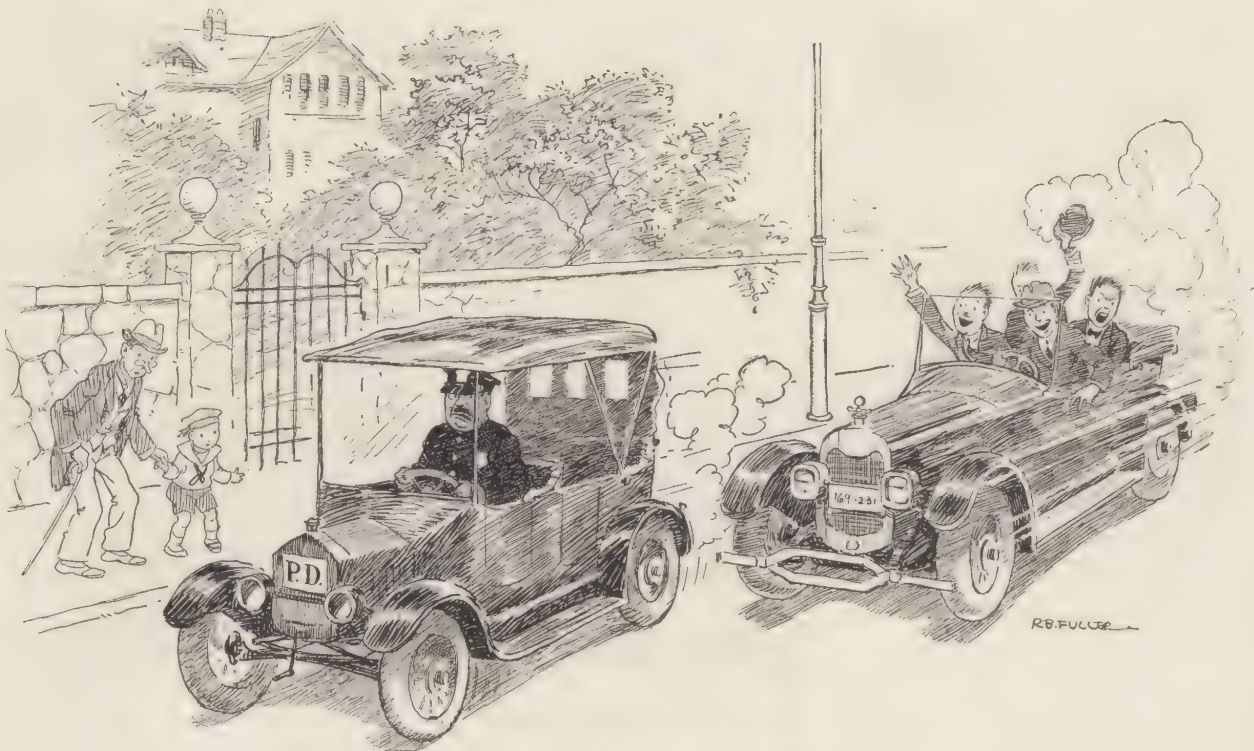
II

A FEW weeks ago, there was printed in the correspondence column of this great journal of the uplift a letter from Mr. Leslie W. Hayes, office manager of the Wentworth Hotel, Portsmouth, N. H., in which the gent in point delivered himself of the following sassiness: "Does George Jean Nathan ever praise or commend a show? Is he ever pleased or satisfied?"

The answer to the somewhat sarcastic Mons. Hayes is yes. George Jean Nathan is glad to praise and commend the new Anderson-Stallings play, "First Flight," though he must confess that while it pleases him a lot it doesn't entirely satisfy him. It pleases him because of its measure of beauty and its measure of adroit romantic prose; it fails to satisfy him because

(Continued on page 26)





"Hey! Get that ol' can off th' road!"

Hysterical Facts

IT WAS house-cleaning time in the Newton homestead and all day Mr. Newton had been absent.

"I distinctly told him about beating the carpets," muttered Mrs. Newton, "and I'll bet at this very moment that bum inventor is down at the 'White Horse' inventing a new story about why he couldn't come home."

Three hours later a wabby tread on the front porch informed Mrs. Newton that her wandering joy had returned.

"Isaac!" she shriled from the top of the stairs. "Come here!"

"Now, m'dear," cooed Isaac, "not a word. All day long I've been busier than a one-legged man in a Charleston contest, and what do you think I've discovered?"

"That four out of five have pyorrhea," came back his sarcastically bitter half.

"Little woman," said Sir Isaac. "I've discovered gravity," and held aloft a badly smashed apple.

"That," said Mrs. Newton as she dropped the vacuum cleaner on his head, "is a lot of applesauce."

Jack Shuttleworth

Funnybones

Another thing about street widening is that it gives the jay-walker a longer run for his money.

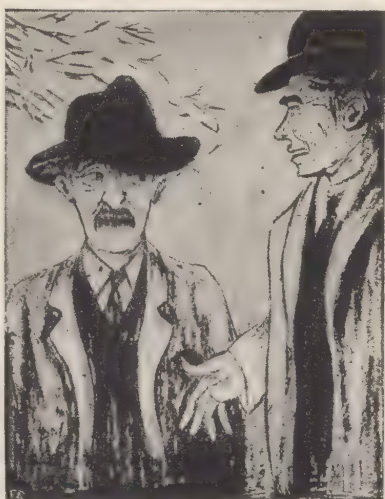
Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Who's Zoo in Limerick

A fashionable zebra named Rex
Found a problem his mind to perplex
When he read, "Checks to-day
Are the thing. Stripes?—*passé!*"
So he thereupon cashed in his checks.



BIBULOUS GENTLEMAN—Hang it! I'll climb thish ladder (hic) if-it takesh all night!



"So I told the Freshman to indorse the check his family sent him."

"Did he do it?"

"Yes. He wrote on the back, 'I heartily indorse this check.'"

—PRINCETON TIGER



A Missionary in India had the hymn "Rock of Ages" translated into Hindustani. On retranslation into English by a student, the first two lines bore this inspiring and illuminating aspect:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit, Let me absent myself under your fragments."

—Williams Purple Cow



Beggar—Take pity on a pore mizzable wretch, mister. I have a wife and seven children.

"My poor fellow, accept my condolences. So have I."

—Brown Jug



"Why did you kiss that man that you had never seen?"

"But you see it was so dark I couldn't tell who he was."

—W. VIRGINIA MOONSHINE

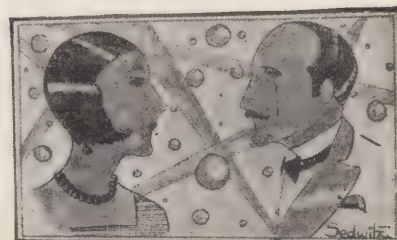
John Held Jr.



Girls Will Be Boys

Boys for ages have smoked.
Girls took up the idea.
We wear trousers.
Girls wear knickers.
We have short hair.
Dammit, now they've got it, too.
Come on, fellows, let's grow beards.

—Texas Ranger



"Is Edith still your best friend?"

"She was until my husband's last illness. He was delirious, you know."

—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

Pas de Tout

Now you're lovely, young and gay,
And o'er many hearts hold sway.
Will you always be this way?

Not at all.

Youth and beauty both must go,
You will old and feeble grow,
Will that change my love? Ah, no,
Not at all.

When white the hair gleams on
your brow,

I'll be just as true, I vow,

For, you see, I love you now

Not at all. —Princeton Tiger



The quarterback problem.

—PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH BOWL



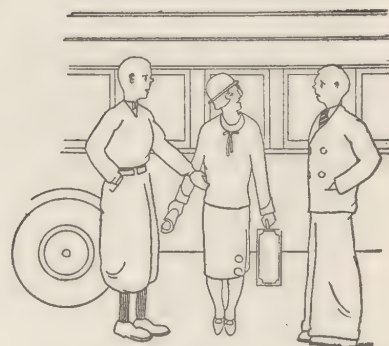
"When I left college I didn't owe anybody a cent."

"What an awful time to leave."

—Denver Parrakeet



Absent-minded musical professor—
How many carrots in a peck?—
er-er-er, I mean, how many beats in
a measure? —Notre Dame Juggler



THE BLIND DATE

THE HELPFUL BROTHER—Well,
here she is.

VICTIM (swallowing hard)—
Damned if she ain't.

—PENN STATE FROTH

LEADERS



FIRST BOOT (archly)—'Pon my soul, you're quite the kid, ain't you?

SECOND BOOT—Don't pull none o' that Oxford stuff on me. I seen you walking home last night.

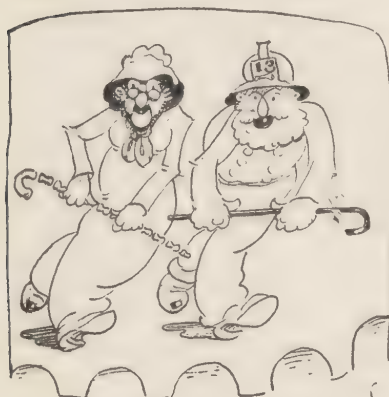
—PITT PANTHER

It's dangerous to make love to another man's wife; but it's more dangerous to make love to his widow.

—Toronto Goblin

"Where is the manager's office?"
"Follow the passage until you come to the sign reading 'No Admittance.' Go upstairs till you see the sign 'Keep Out.' Follow the corridor till you see the sign, 'Silence,' then yell for him."

—Princeton Tiger



"She was a sweet young thing and he was a dissipated Austrian nobleman."

"Well, why did she not marry him?"

"Her mother told her never to take a bad Czech."

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Wifey—Do you think there is a man who could truly say to his wife, "You are the only woman I ever loved?"

Hub—Only one that I can think of.

"Who? You, dear?"

"Naw, Adam."

—Chicago Phoenix



"So you don't believe in vaccination, Mrs. Agronomy."

"No, indeed, Bella. Three weeks after little Yokel was vaccinated he fell out of the window and broke his neck."

—BROWN JUG

Tell me little gypsy,
Is it love that makes my brain
All awhirl with strife and strain
Is it love
That gives me pain?

Listen little gypsy,
Is it love that makes me quiver
Like a sapling by the river,
Is it love—
Or just my liver?

—Penn State Broth



"I see Rosenblatt had a terrible fire last night."

"Vell, he's a nice feller, he deserves it."

—MIDDLEBURY BLUE BABOON

"That's a dirty book."

"Let me at it!"

"Wait till I dust it off."

—Princeton Tiger

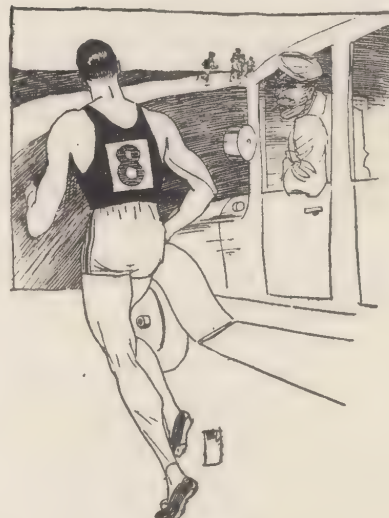
The important thing is not whether the boy can stand alone at one year; whether or not can he do it at twenty-one is the real test!

—Notre Dame Juggler

Ophelia—To be massaged or not to be, that is the question.

Hamlet—Aye, there's the rub.

—Toronto Goblin



"Taxi?"

—TEXAS RANGER

The Reel Stuff

By Carroll Carroll

Flash Backs

Siegfried—Good and arty or arty and good.

The Phantom of the Opera—Chaney as the awful ogre of the opera house.

The Wanderer—An elaborately dull story of the prodigal son.

The Merry Widow—Mae Murray in an interesting adaptation of the old waltz plot.

The Gold Rush—By all means!

Don Q, Son of Zorro—Oh, you must see it.

Sally of the Sawdust—Unusually good comedy with W. C. Fields.

As No Man Has Loved—Advertised "Coming to your local theater soon." Can nothing be done about it?

All Ashore That's Going Ashore

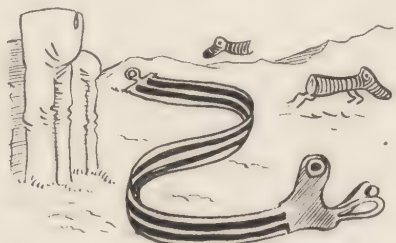
BLOW the whistle, skipper, we're off.

Dick (Richard) Barthelmess (Barthelmess) has again scored as a comedian. This time in a characterization that stands up well in comparison with some of his more serious parts, in case you may not think his work as "Bilge" Smith is serious enough. He gives an authentic and intelligent performance as one of our Uncle Samuel's boys, in blue, who joined the navy to learn the truth about Riverside Drive.

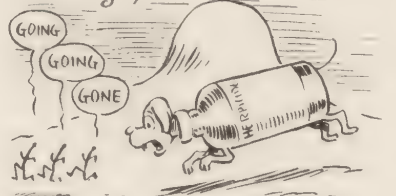
The present incumbent is "Shore Leave," taken from the Right Reverend David Belasco's erstwhile Frances Starring vehicle. Miss Starr's old part is played by the perennially 135-pound Miss Dorothy Mackaill. In the event that you haven't the slightest idea what that means, let it be known. First National Pictures not only holds a contract on Miss Mackaill's dramatic talent, but also on her avoirdupois, there being a clause to the effect that she cannot indulge in mashed



The long-haired, long-winded Intelligenceia prowling among the freakish rock formations in the fastnesses of the Garrett Mts. gathering the wild Nut and the Razzberry.



The Bostongartersnake of various hues, found in the Haberdashery jungle. Is very retiring and hides among the wide trouseried bushes. It feeds on Holeproofhosey and Interwovensox and always carries a rubber grip.



The baying Herpicide hound pursuing the domestic hair in the Dandruff fields on the slopes of Bald Knob mountain.



The over-stuffed Porkbarrel, a ravenous hog that roams over the Partisanpolitical hills. It feeds on juicy Appropriation berries culled in the Congressional Vineyard.

Nate Poolier

potatoes, fudge sundaes or hot bread and gravy over and above the poundage hereinbefore stated under penalty of a strict diet or an amputation of her employment.

However, interesting as all that is, you may say, and with justice, that it is but faintly connected with motion picture reviewing, a sport for which I have, of late, evinced a startling avidity. Therefore, "Shore Leave" narrates the erratic and erotic adventures of a chap who enlisted in the navy because he was lonesome, and fell in love, ultimately marrying the girl, because she was lonesome. The girl, need I repeat (well, I'd better), is Dorothy Mackaill, who, though entirely too ritzy looking for the part, still brings one of her, if not her very, best pieces of work to our attention.

She is a dressmaker in a little seaport town that depends for its holiday upon the annual visit from the Atlantic Fleet. The battle boats come bringing with them "Bilge" Barthelmess and romance.

In the natural course of events they live happily ever after, but it is during the events leading up to the tragedy that Mr. Barthelmess is seen to great advantage as the hard-boiled gub beneath whose pack of Fatimas beats a heart of something approximating gold.

I commend "Shore Leave" to your attention in return for which I would appreciate information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person, or persons, fostering the impression that sailors do practically nothing with their spare time but dance, very daintily, the sailor's hornpipe, in the manner of motion picture theater prologues. We all know perfectly well that what they really do is go rowing.

If I am not mistaken, and I probably am, it was Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne who first immortalized George Barr McCutcheon's rococo yarn of spurious royalty and a wealthy young American's love for the beautiful Yette Goo-genslocker. The tale has had its face lifted, bobbed its hair and is reappearing in society. It is hoped that this is just a farewell tour before retiring into private library life.

(Continued on page 28)

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay \$25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and

mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes October 19. Winning ending appears in the issue of November 7.



Contest No. 11

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days



C. J. Taylor in *Judge*, 1904

A COURT BEAUTY

"Isn't she divine? She looks like a 'goddess of liberty.'"

"She is. She's been divorced four times."

General Sherman had just observed that war was hell.

"I've seen so many military dramas," he continued, "that I'm convinced of it."

Lighting another cigar, he proceeded to march to the sea.

—*Judge*, 1905

~~~~~

*He*—Yes, I'm a soldier. I helped England win the Boer War.

*She*—Is that so? Which side were you on?

—*Judge*, 1914

~~~~~

"I see Charlie has his hand in a sling."

"Yes, reckless driving."

"Ah, an auto?"

"No, a hammer."

—*Judge*, 1912

The Bitter Business

Harry—Did you try to insure the book agent?

Garry—Yes; and he sold me a set of books.

—*Judge*, 1910



Art Young in *Judge*, 1905.

NO SENTIMENT IN UNCLE HENRY

SUSIE PUNKINTON—Oh, paw! *Thet rich summer boarder writes thet he loves the very ground I walk on.*

HENRY PUNKINTON—Does, eh? *Well, s'pose you spend a day or two walkin' round on thet eight-acre swamp lot. Mebbe I kin stick him fer it.*

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



He Thanks God

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: I have just completed reading the JUDGE of August 29 issue and especially the "Judge for Yourself" editorial. I am heartily in favor of Mr. H. G. Talbert's views, and if you want to "poke" "fun at those who seek by legislation or terrorism to impose their religious beliefs on others" you have the privilege as long as it is a joke; but I would suggest you to look at Herrin, Ill., Niles, O. and Massachusetts and see who is forcing their religion and terrorism any more than the Knights of Columbus or the Knights of the Flaming Circle?

You can joke, knock, insult and abuse the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan which was here "Yesterday, to-day and forever." "Not for yourself but for others," and enjoy it, but thank God I am a free born, white gentile American Protestant whose motto is God, "country and home" not the "pope, convent and then God."

Respectfully,

Clarence W. Yergan

Cumberland, Md.

September 2, 1925.

P. S.: I would like to see this under the heading Judge for Yourself but I don't expect to.

The Wrong Doctor

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I see by your last issue that the eminent Dr. Davenport has withdrawn his chiropractic support of JUDGE to throw his weight and dollar over to fifteen business men, because they cannot find any jokes in JUDGE.

You have the doctor's home address so please convey my impression that he is their wrong doctor. They need an optometrist, not a chiropractor.

JUDGE is certainly just full of what I need after a hard successful day in the selling trenches and while I haven't the time to wade through all of the fine editorials of all our leading papers, I wouldn't omit JUDGE's editorial section from my selection of the best.

Glad the crosswords are coming back for they surely help many Knights of the Road forget other cross words, and your Krazy Kracks shed a fine light on the elasticity of hasty pronunciation.

Did Dr. Davenport read the K. K.—Hiawatha? Probably took it too much to heart.

Let's have a double page of W. M. H. and any time he and I disagree I'll sit up all night arguing with myself. He's good!

Yours as long as you JUDGE,

F. G. Freitag

Meriden, Conn.,
September 3, 1925.

So This Is Progress!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Have just read Dr. S. C. Davenport's letter in September 5 edition of JUDGE. I have enjoyed immensely W. M. H.'s editorials and in the main agree with him. Dr. Davenport calls W. M. H. "anti everything progressive and good." To wit, I suppose, the Eighteenth Amendment, among others. If Dr. Davenport considers a thing that has cost the Government millions lost in revenue, and millions more in attempted enforcement, "progressive," he is indeed deducing peculiar conclusions; and as Prohibition has started the youth of America (the men and women of tomorrow) drinking, how can it be good?

As to JUDGE being a disgrace to the Constitution, may I ask if the doctor has ever read a very extant paper called the *Declaration of Independence*, by Thomas Jefferson? But let's keep the country as free as possible, every one to his own opinion. *Sic semper*, etc.

I am sorry that JUDGE is to continue Crossword Puzzles as they are so old-fashioned, but what must, must.

I did not see the High Hat section. Hope you have not discontinued the best and most modern part of JUDGE.

Sincerely,

F. A. W.

South Carolina,
September 5, 1925.

P. S.: I wish to say my ancestors came to Virginia in 1621, so I am all American in blood.



Service cannot stop

The telephone, like the human heart, must repair itself while it works. The telephone system never rests, yet the ramifications of its wires, the reach of its cables and the terminals on its switchboards must ever increase. Like an airplane that has started on a journey across the sea, the telephone must repair and extend itself while work is going on.

To cut communication for a single moment would interrupt the endless stream of calls and jeopardize the well-being and safety of the community. The doctor or police must be called. Fire may break out. Numberless important business and social arrangements must be made.

Even when a new exchange is built and put into use, service is not interrupted. Conversations started through the old are cut over and finished through the new, the talkers unconscious that growth has taken place while the service continues.

Since 1880 the Bell System has grown from 31 thousand to 16 million stations, while talking was going on. In the last five years, additions costing a billion dollars have been made to the system, without interrupting the service.



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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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One Policy, One System, Universal Service

From a True Knight

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: I just finished reading your issue of August 29; disgusted to say the least at your attitude and remarks on certain subjects.

I note with pleasure that there are at least two men who are not afraid to express their views. I refer to Paul A. Scholing and H. G. Talbert.

I notice you beat around the bush and didn't answer Mr. Talbert's questions. True to your type of so called "men," you back away when it comes to a show down. Why not answer a few questions and not continually show the yellow feather?

I also have never seen you poke any fun at Al Smith through the columns of your publication. But I can clearly see the reason for that. He is an advocate of the three R's—Rome, Rum and Rebellion—the latter being proved conclusively when he vetoed the U. S. Constitution.

Why don't you change steeds for a while and

"ride" the K. of C. or the A. O. H. instead of an American organization? I'll admit the Klan is a nobler and stronger steed, being built of better material—but why be partial? Why not treat all your readers alike? Why do you continually knock certain American laws? If you don't like them why don't you buy a ticket and vamoose? I am sure you would be received with open arms in the Isle of Green or on one of Rome's seven hills.

I hope I have made myself clear, and I await your answers in a forthcoming edition—if your yellow feather don't turn up. If there is a bit of manhood in your make-up, prove it by publishing this letter.

John Doe

Sharon, Pa.

August 30, 1925.

(Editor's Note—This charming letter was sent us anonymously. We are making an exception in printing it simply to give our readers a sample of the anonymous mail we are constantly receiving, always from Klansmen.)

SNAPPY ART PRINTS *for a* MAN'S DEN



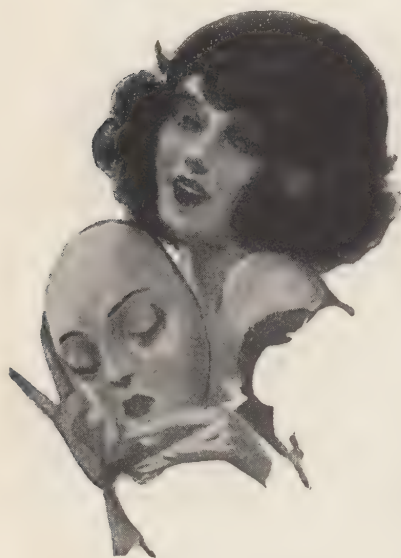
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By Sam Brown

A tantalizing and appealing picture that is a wonderful delineation of virile living motion. Our reproduction in all the vivid coloring of the painting is from the engraver's original plates. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

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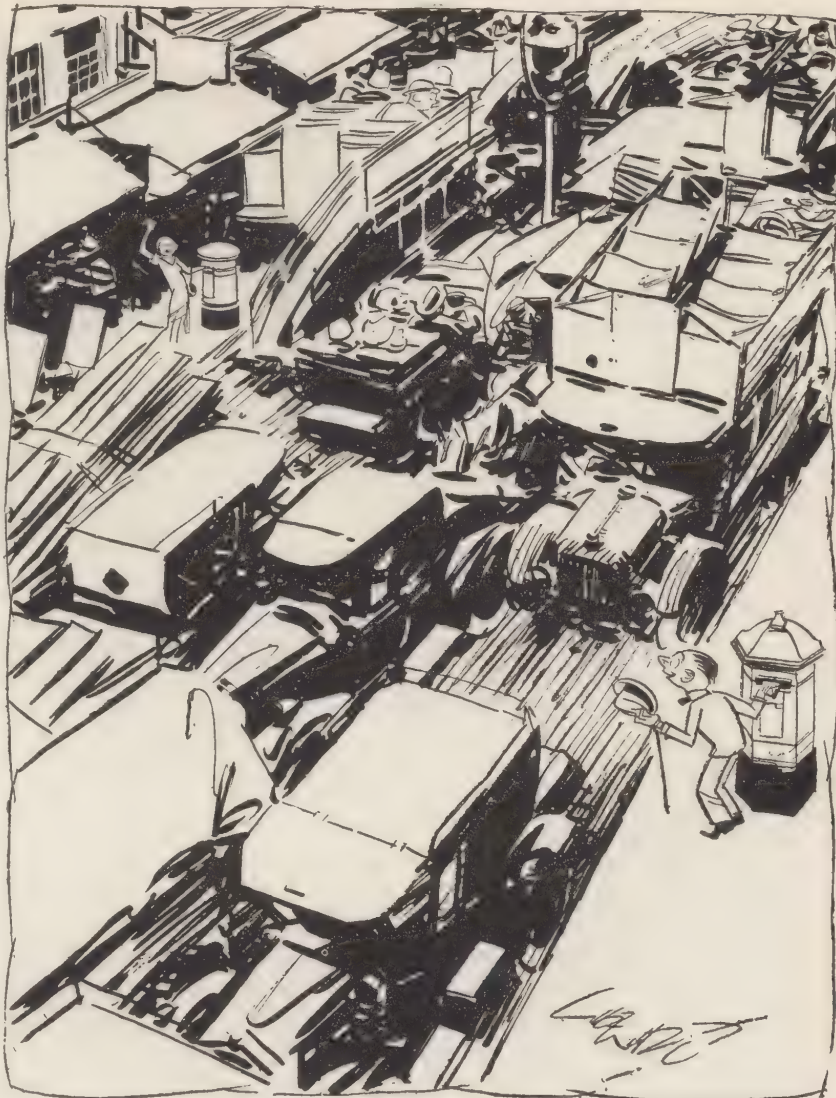


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"SATURDAY NIGHT"	50 "
"THE SPANISH BARK"	50 "

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street, New York



It's quicker to write!

—London Mail

Fire Prevention

ONE of the best ways of preventing a fire is to hire a boy scout to start one with a bow and arrow, the way the Indians used to before the Vikings introduced safety matches into this country which was even before Priscilla and John Alden made what was thought to be a good match.

Another good way to avoid a conflagration is to drop busy cigarette butts into employed waste-paper baskets. It will, of course, smell terrible, but only in the movies has a fire ever been known to commence this way. However, anything will start a fire in the pictures. A few glowing words and a scene of blazing splendor and the fire ladders are on their way, giving the organist a splendid opportunity to test out the various stops on his instrument. I guess you'd call it an instrument. You call what surgeons and dentists work with, instruments.

Oil stoves, the kind they have in

summer camps, are marvelous fire-prevention devices. There is a record of one burning long enough to fry an egg, but that was way back in the summer of 1861 when summers were summers (not just simmers), so it's highly possible that it was the sun's heat that cooked the egg, the folk tale of the stove's success growing out of the incident as folk tales grow (long and curly).

Houdini claims that he once succeeded in setting fire to a piece of cotton waste with a Swedish safety match while handcuffed in a sealed milk can full of gasoline, but then this is such an awkward position for lighting things that it can hardly be considered a dangerous threat. Of course, if you want to do it you can wear that old soiled suit you've been meaning to send to the cleaners and probably knock the spots out of it.

Another good way to avoid a fatal fire is to agree with the boss.

Carroll

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SPLENDID opportunities to-day in this uncrowded profession. Experience or brains unnecessary. Be your own boss. We furnish bottles, corks, horse-radish and grinders—your own home town furnishes the customers. Build up a business for yourself and heirs. One moving picture concern which was producing a series of sad pictures took all one of our pupils could grind. He did it, you can. Get out of the old grind and into the new. Write to-day.

Or, better still, if you like to travel, tour the country introducing our patented horse-radish grinder. Tremendous profits. Fascinating work—or, rather, play. You don't have to sell the thing; it sells itself. You just hold the thing in your hand and people say: "What's that?" Then you don't tell them and they become interested. When they insist upon knowing you tell them what it is, but explain that, as it's the only one you have, you can't part with it. Then they bid for it, and you let it go to the highest bidder.

Or you can work a town this way: Go up to a door and tell the lady that you have just sold her neighbor one, and that the neighbor told you not to call on her (the lady to whom you are speaking) as she couldn't afford one. But you didn't want to leave town without at least giving her an opportunity. That gets 'em every time.

Blank sold thirty-nine this way in one day. We were just as surprised as he.



Aggressor—Sorry, mate, I've made a mistake. I thought you was my landlord.

Victim—Well, even if I was your landlord, you've no right to do that.

"Never you mind how I treat my landlord. You just mind your own business."
—*London Opinion*

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Knowing Noses

Let's admit that "The nose knows." But do you know what the nose tells?

Napoleon, who was one of the subtlest discerners of human nature and character, is said to have picked his generals by their noses. The big nose generally indicates ability, broad nature and understanding.

You can easily learn all that the nose shows and at the same time obtain a valuable and practical understanding of character reading of the features, hands and handwriting by a perusal of

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BY

William Clarke

*Late of the Royal Polytechnic
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JUDGE

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JUDGE JR. (Himself)

Every Wednesday

on

WJZ

at 7.00 P. M.

The Cocktail Hour



"At any rate, George, it's cured my hiccoughs."

—Gaiety

Hair-pinero

(Continued from page 16)

of its lethargic pace and its rather shaky dramatic structure. But, faults or no faults, it is in intention and to a considerable degree in execution so much above the average product of our theater that the old sourball who does the shows for JUDGE is happy to put Mr. Hayes's soul at peace.

The tale is of young Andy Jackson's first adventure in the backwoods of the early Republic, of his pistol shot that lays low the blackleg foe of the Union and of a young girl's love that lays low his own heart. Rudolph Cameron and Helen Chandler have the central rôles. The former is fair; the latter's performance is as tenderly lovely a thing as the office manager of the Wentworth Hotel of Portsmouth, N. H., will find in the recent records of our stage. I observe that one or two of my colleagues in the art of fault-finding protest that Miss Chandler

isn't much of an actress. If this be true, let's have fewer actresses and more whatever-you-want-to-call-'ems like her.

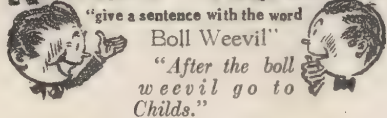
III

I SHALL have to disappoint Dr. Hayes, however, in the case of Noel Coward's, "The Vortex," which has been hailed by some of my brothers as the greatest dramatic masterpiece since "Iphigenia at Aulis." The excitement of the art lovers on the opening night, indeed, hasn't been matched since the old Windsor Hotel burned down. When the last act curtain fell you'd have thought Shakespeare was done for all time. Men climbed on their chairs and cheered themselves hoarse, women rolled around on the floor in

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word
Cadillac"
"A Cadillac
mean if you pull
his tail."

KRAZY KRACKS



delirious delight; the very ushers got down on their knees and sang the "William Tell" overture. It was a great night. I haven't seen one like it since back in 1912 when I was shown around the Islip insane asylum.

Unfortunately, however—as I have hinted—I am doubtless insufficiently educated in an appreciation of dramatic masterpieces to see much in the exhibit. It has a very good second act climax; it is dexterously acted, particularly by Coward himself in the rôle of the degenerate young man who seeks to rehabilitate his own wanton mother; but it is in the main without any sound quality. It is, therefore, just the kind of play to enchant the same type of mind that believes Michael Arlen is a master-craftsman.

IV

"THE JAZZ SINGER" brings forth the vaudeville boy, George Jessel, as a legitimate actor. What is more, it brings him forth as a blamed good one. Here, once again, the professors tell us that this isn't acting at all, but merely the exposition of a personality. So here, once again, a mere rank amateur like myself says fine and dandy, bring on more like it, whatever you call it. There is another excellent performance, too, by a Miss Dorothy Raymond in the rôle of an old East

Side mother. These two performances contribute interest to a play that is aimed with a couple of thousand tons of dynamite at the Yiddish box-office trade.

The fresh young traveling salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining-room to get his order and remarked:

"Nice day, little one."

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a pretty girl and have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory and I don't think there's a show or dance in town to-night, and if there was I wouldn't go with you, I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel, and he was a college football player and weighs 300 pounds; last week he pretty nearly ruined a \$25-a-week traveling man who tried to make a date with me; now, what'll you have—roast beef, roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

—Everybody's Magazine

A well-dressed man who knocked at the door of a house, explained that he was the son of the landlord, made an extensive list of necessary repairs, and collected a month's rent, has been found to be an impostor. The fact of his taking an interest in repairs should have aroused suspicion.

—London Opinion

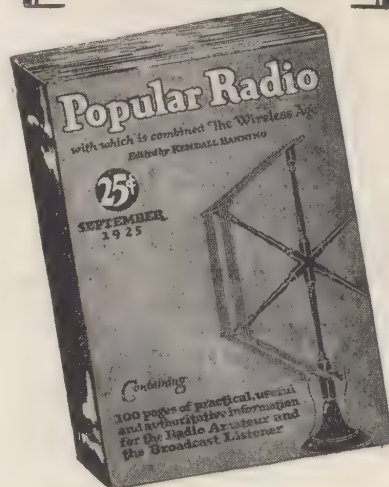


"What's economy, dad?"

"Anything your mother wants to buy, my son."

—Tatler

The magazine with the
SILVER COVER



KENDALL BANNING

Editor

LAURENCE M. COCKADAY

Technical Editor

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"The worst of Jimmy is he looks such a fool."
"I know; it's rotten when they look like it as well."

All Ashore That's Going Ashore

(Continued from page 20)

"Graustark" has changed quite a bit in the last few years. I'd have never known the old place. All the castles have been rebuilt in accordance with the more modern ideas in architecture, and the new Princess Yetive is Norma Talmadge, a former American motion picture actress. She has shown somewhat better taste in her choice of wealthy young Americans than did Miss Bayne. The new Yetive selected Eugene O'Brien to ultimately wear the crown and wear out the cushions on the Graustarkian thrown. The result of the affiliation is an amusing if inconsequential semi-costume comedy-drama.

Miss Talmadge is, as always, delightful to look at. And Mr. O'Brien overacts just enough to kid the action without hurting its feelings. At least, I hope he was only joking. (Say you was just kiddin', Gene!) There's nothing more to be said of "Graustark," unless you're interested in knowing that it is skilfully directed.

The fuss that was made when the first mail flew from coast to coast proved that we are still just as American as we were when Lincoln was running for Coolidge's job, if the facts in "The Pony Express" are facts. The first wild flight of the pony riders from St. Louis to the sea was greeted with no more hurrah and ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay than was the first mail plane. And that's about all I got out of "The Pony



She (having collided with deaf old gentleman)—Good heavens, why on earth didn't you blow the wretched thing?
—London Mail

Funnybones

A phonograph makes terrible noises when it's almost run down.
So does a pedestrian.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Express" except that's its colorful chapter in American history was, as most American innovations are, conceived as a colossal graft. The graft in this case was Mexico to California and the subsequent secession of that State. "We're playing for an empire," said some one to another when it was decided that the pony boys could distort the news, keep Lincoln's election from the native sons and thus by some devious process of reasoning cause the budding realtors to go out and start a competitive country next door to us.

There's too much of "The Pony Express" to suit my taste. A little western, no matter how good, goes a long way with me. This one not only went that far but came all the way back again. It contains some wild riding, a raid by Indians, another good bit by Ernest Torrence, an opportunity for Wallace Beery to discard his villainy for good-hearted bummers and a chance for Ricardo Cortez to be so quick on the draw that he doesn't even have to unsheath his weapon. As for Betty Compson's acting you'll find a number of relevant remarks concerning it by returning to the first column of this department and letting your eyes wander north and south on the east and west boundaries. All in all, as my youngest daughter so sagely phrased it, "I guess it's a good picture if you want to learn pony expressing."



"How are you making out in the finny sport, brother angler?"

"Well, I've caught plenty of left shoes, but right shoes don't seem to be biting to-day."

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FOR YOURSELF



A LIGHT QUESTION!

The Speed Merchant's Passenger—Wh-why do you b-bother to h-have a r-rear l-light!
—The Sketch

How One Man Got His Start

(Continued from page 13)

"And did you send her a dozen pitchforks instead?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't read the slip. My eyes aren't very good. I thought maybe it was fish forks, but maybe she wouldn't notice the difference."

"Manager, give this lout his time. You're through. The Highbinder store has no place for incompetents."

Mr. Highbinder and I came to enjoy our little game; we played it so well that no one would have believed we were not in earnest. I became a person of much importance.

In fact, I fear I began to take a little advantage of my importance. I went so far as to woo Mr. Highbinder's lovely daughter, Azalea. At length she promised to marry me when I should be promoted.

One evening Mr. Highbinder discovered us together. Shaking with rage he ordered me out of the house. Next day he fired me twelve times, which netted me \$60. The manager said the old man was surpassing himself. Anyone would swear it was genuine.

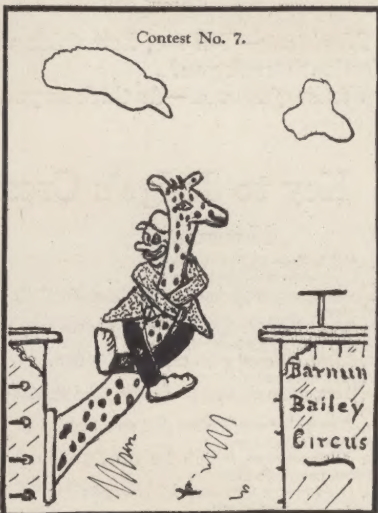
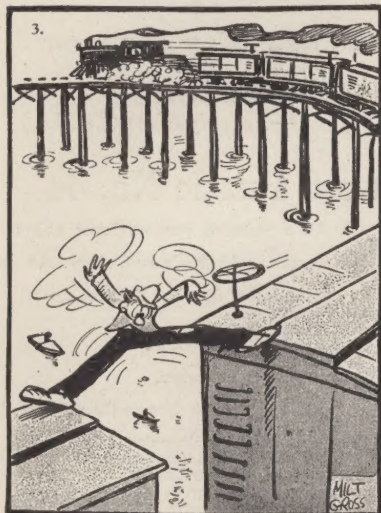
At five that afternoon I suggested to Mr. Highbinder that if he should ever want to fire me in good earnest he might do so by promoting me to a position which did not carry with it immunity—a position as buyer, for instance. At five ten I was appointed buyer. At six I married Azalea. At six thirty we informed Mr. Highbinder. He was, unhappily, stricken with apoplexy at six thirty five.

So that is how I got my start in business. My advice to young men is to work hard and faithfully for their employers; in the long run, I always say, industry, honesty, and application will bring success.

Morris Bishop

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 7



W. C. Langdon, Jr., 16 Studio Arcade, Bronxville, N. Y.

Runners Up



Joseph Goddard, 24 Oxford Avenue, Webster, Mass.



Harry Brightly, 23 So. Euclid Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



William A. Teneick, 771 West End Avenue, New York City.



H. G. Malloy, 158 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.



Harry Brightly, 23 So. Euclid Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Donald Macrae, 7119 Euclid Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



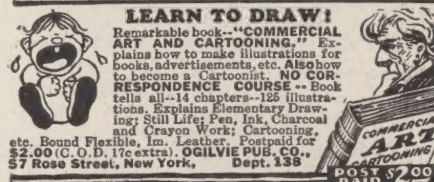
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Magistrate—Tell me, how thick was the stick with which you say the defendant struck you?

Victim of Assault—As thick as your head, your worship!

—*Passing Show* (London)

Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 44

Horizontal

1. A side door Pullman tourist.
4. Carelessness with the truth.
7. Most frequently used word in a dentist's vocabulary.
10. This vegetable is always getting in the soup.
12. A carpenter's button.
14. What all good dogs transmogrify into.
17. These are almighty.
19. Last name of a famous olden time chariot racer.
20. Something you'll often find on a mat.
22. A sock breaker.
23. Nickname or initials for the little germs that send people to Denver.
25. This makes that schoolgirl complexion.
26. Kitty's boy friend.
27. Skirts that men had a chance of hiding behind.
29. Plastered Business Men (abbr.).
30. You pick 'em up and lay 'em down.
32. What most self-made men make a lot of.
34. Once more.
36. No good (abbr.).
37. Crude stuff.
38. This used to cross the bar in schooners.
39. Greek letter that sounds like something to eat.
40. To heat, and then cool very slowly. (Careful, there are two ways of spelling it!)
42. What the heavens are in a stormy night at sea about the middle of August.
44. A boon companion of number eleven.
46. Nickname for Louise.
48. Brass, gall, crust, or boldness.
50. A poetic "over."
51. What all police dogs are.
53. Get me?
54. Sally never returned (abbr.).
55. A lot of big cheese come from this European city.
57. A prize fighter's meal ticket.
59. A Czar's bitter half.
61. The apple vender of the garden of Eden.
63. If your girl swings on you, this is what you should give her.
65. A famous garment of many colors.
66. Read 'em and do this.
67. Something men do in a poolroom. (No, Dora, not swim.)
68. The definition of 38 Horizontal fits this pretty well, too.

Vertical

1. All things come to him who orders this.
2. This is Southern still water and it runs very steep.
3. What we hope the boss does to our proposed salary increase.
4. A popular pre-Volstead beverage.
5. Impersonal pronoun.
6. A goblin.
7. This is a slippery kind of stock to monkey with.
8. A subdivision of a company of soldiers.
9. This knows all about aroma.
11. The first man to eat this kind of an oyster was a real hero.

13. All experienced puzzlers know this pre-Volstead drink.
15. Something husbands and wives take jaw rides in.
16. What lovers do when they can't get their parental blessings.
17. A doctrine or tenet.
18. A good city to roam in.
21. A young reporter.
24. An 1896 model petter.
26. Ali Baba's gang.
27. What a murderer does on the words of the jury.
28. The kind of a girl men can't forget.
30. An apartment in which company is received.
31. What a henpecked husband wears when his wife goes to the country.
33. Place for wild waves to get wild.
35. What the fair sex do at a tea fight.
40. Ordinary.
41. What South Americans would walk a mile for.
42. Webster says this means to guess or predict.
43. Ernest Reaches Europe Monday In The Afternoon (abbr.).
45. Long times.
47. A poet's eye.
49. A face curtain.
51. All drug store sheiks have these and sometimes girls fall for them.
52. Upright.
54. A famous dish—especially among the Irish.
55. A happy state to be in.
56. German Purple Oranges (abbr.). (Try and get 'em!)
58. A drop of glycerine in the movies.
60. What opportunity does but once, that your enemies do all the time.
62. Wives keep this on their husbands.
64. What the stern father says.

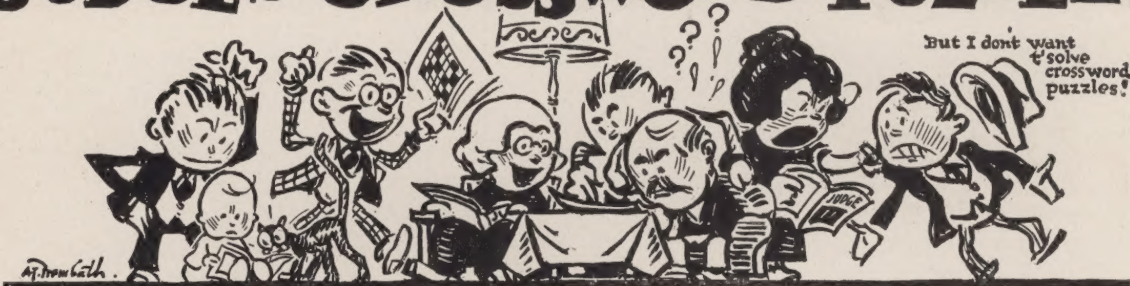


"Have you heard of Bee's engagement?"

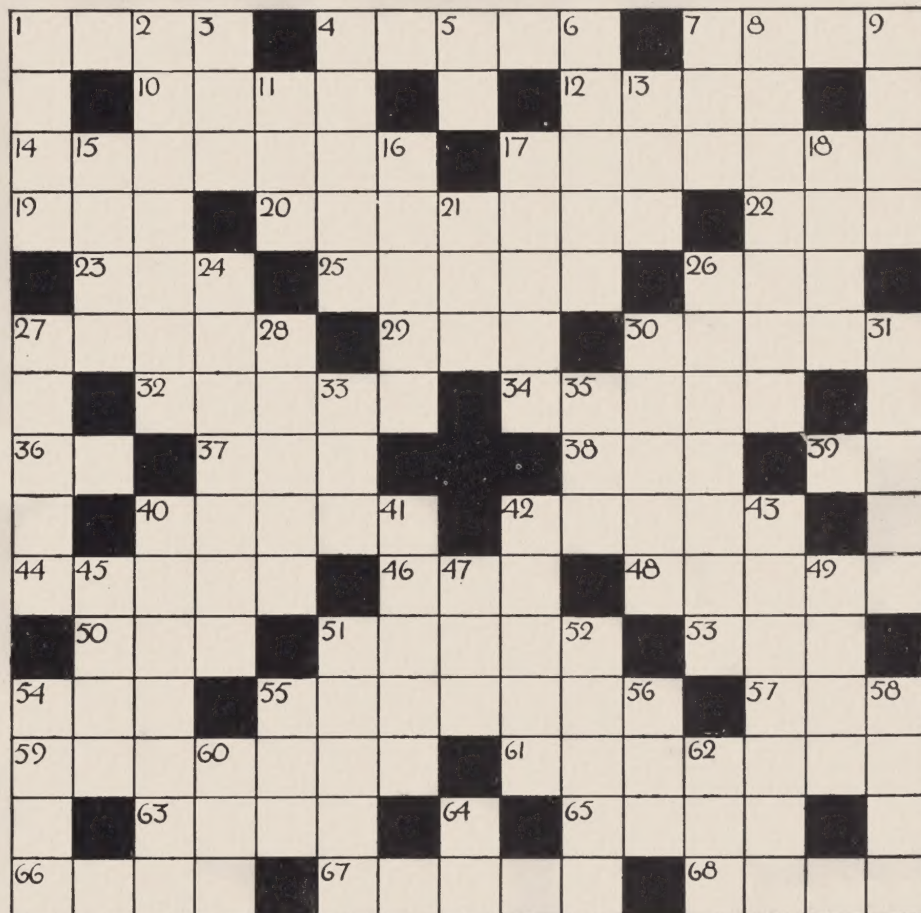
"No, who's the plucky man?"

—*London Mail*

JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLES



Number 44



The above puzzle was contributed by Walter A. Kreutzer, 3352 Marvin avenue, Cleveland, O.

A	L	A	B	A	M	A		G	R	O	O	M	E	D
L	L		A	S	A		P	I	E			E	I	
I	R	I	S	H		S	C	I	O	N		M	U	L
M		C	O	O	L		E	N	D		B	O	R	E
O		E	N	N	U	I		C		R	O	U	G	E
N	O		G	O	L	F		O		H	O	S	E	
Y	A	P		R	U		I	M	P		M	E	A	P
	T	O			A	E		O		A	N	Y		
		S		W	O	R	D	S		D	A	R	W	I
	D	E	L		O		C		K		R	O	W	
C	U	D		F	T		A	R	K		N	E		Y
L	E		H	A	R	P		I		S	O	A	P	
I		S	O	B	E	R		S		O	U	T	E	R
M		M	A	L	E		O	I	L		N	E	R	O
A	F	I	R	E		B	A	S	E	S		R	U	M
T		L		W	A	R		D	A	M		E		E
E	L	E	C	T	E	D				M	I	R	R	O

Judge will run a Crossword Puzzle every week and will pay \$25 for each one used on this page, but they must be funny.

Puzzles will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.



Answer to Puzzle No. 43





"I love to see a man smoke a pipe"

Billie Burke



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